passions ?—has he clone as the poet Crabbe did, when, after Sir Walter Scott had shown him the beauties of nature and art for which the metropolis of Scotland is so distinguished, he was not satisfied till he visited those humble and humbling abodes to which the poor and outcast had been driven by crime or misfortune ?—has he gone down into those crowded lanes of our cities, whose physical is not so polluted as their moral atmosphere, but in which the heart—larger than even the imagination—of Chalmers used to feel a livelier interest than in the gorgeous scenes of nature which he so much admired ? If he has done this, he will be ready to doubt whether any country, in any age, has produced a more demoralized and debauched population than the masses to be found in some of our large cities, (and not a few of our agricultural labourers are no better,) possessing, as they do, little of civilisation but its vices, and the knowledge and wealth of the classes above them producing in them only jealousy and discontent.

The imagination is apt to be still more excited by the stirring incidents of war. When we read in their own language, whose march is as magnificent as that of their armies, of the conquests of the Romans, we forget at what an expense of human suffering the victories were gained. We do not, for instance, trouble ourselves to conceive of the misery which must have resulted from Paulus Emilius bringing 150,000 captives from his wars in Epirus, and selling them as prize-money for his soldiers ; or from Julius Cassar taking captive half a million of human beings in his Gallic wars, and selling them into slavery. In thinking of the age of Augustus, there are few persons who give any prominence to the circumstance recorded by a historian—that fathers were in the habit of mutilating the bodies of their sons, that they might not be liable to serve in those Roman armies, which were the terror of half the world. We reflect little on the means,

terrible as the very wars themselves, which were required to keep up the war-like spirit, as when, in one of the exhibitions of Trajan, no fewer than 10,000 gladiators were made to fight in the view of the Roman people.

It is an instructive circumstance, that those writers who give us the most heart-stirring description of battles commonly stop short at the point at which the battle is ended. It is needful, for the object which they have in view, to interest us in warlike